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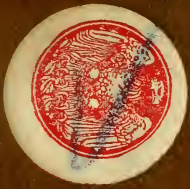

MESSENGERS OF LOVE

PEARL E. MICK

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Oral E. Mick.

"MESSENGERS OF LOVE"

POEMS

Composed by
PEARL E. MICK
KENTON, OHIO

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By PEARL E. MICK

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DEDICATION.

This book of Poems is affectionately dedicated to Miss Lucille Rose, whom I consider the most beautiful girl I have known and whom I "revere" with all my heart and soul, in memory of whom, as the fairest of the fair and the sweetest of the sweet, I herewith pay my highest tribute of praise in the publication of this little volume of poems.

GREETING TO P. E. MICK.

My poet friend,
May Erato wend
To you her fruitful way
May she by you stand
And guide your hand
And never from you stray.

May she give a strain
That shall sound again
The hearts of men to cheer.
In the years to come,
When life's course is run,
And other songs are sear,

May she fortune bring
In the songs you sing,
And success of the better hue.
May she grant quite all
That's hers to call
And the wish of a friend to you.

B. A. B.

TABLE OF CONTENTS

SECTION I.

Prose Works.

	PAGE
Soliloquy.	19
Are Eyes Immortal.	19
Essay On Love.	20

SECTION II.

Poems to Lucille.

Our Eyes Have not Met.	27
Fairest of the Fairest.	27
There is a Little Girl in W. Va.	30
The Joy of Expectation.	31
Only a Picture.	32
Fondest of all Recollections.	33
Dreaming	34
Twilights Fancy Visions.	35
The Fate of Common Man	37
Hope	38
Vanished Dreams	39
Tho We Have Never Met.	40
Fade Not Away.	41
My Waking Thoughts.	42
My Dream Queen.	42

PAGE

T'will Long Be Remembered. - 43
The Proposal. - - - 44
My Rose, My Hearts Repose. - - 45
Only a Rose. - - - - 46
No Lass so Fair. - - - - 46
No Hope. - - - 47
Joy of My Life. - - - 47
I Care Not Where My Feet May Tread. 48
Vision Fair. - - - 49
I Long to Wed Thee. - - - 50
Could I But Know. - - - 51
Immortal Eyes. - - - 51
To W——— - - - - 52
I Never Thought My Life So Incomplete. 53
I Never Knew There Lived a Lass So Fair. 55
Could We Have Kissed. - - - 56
To My Valentine. - - - 57
All Is Emptiness. - - - - 59
Roses of Red. - - - - 60
Forgotten. - - - - 61
Remembered. - - - 63

SECTION III.

Other Poems.

The Spirit That Inspires. - - 65
My Neighbors Bull Dog. - - 69
Halleys Comet. - - - 71

PAGE

Sonnet to Nellie. - - 72
The Colorado Mts. - - - 73
The Auto That Ran Over Otto. - 74
If Life Were Only a Dream. - - 75
In the Golden Sunlight. - - 75
Smiles. - - - - 77
Days of Youth. - - - - 78
Sonnet to Vèra. - - - 79
The Smile That Won. - - 79
Vanities. - - . - 80
My Dog Snyder. - - 82
To Love. - - - - 83
The Bliss Divine. - - 84
Sonnet to a Grand Rapids Girl. - - 85
Sonnet to a Grand Rapids Girl. - - 86
Sonnet to a Grand Rapids Girl. - - 86
Tis a Fair October Evening. - 87
Kenton, My Kenton. - - - 89

PREFACE

The author, in publishing this book, does not expect that the critics will not find flaws in his compositions but hopes that just criticism will be given and brought to his attention. His compositions are not all meritorious but he feels that just cause for publication may be found:—first in the author's conception of the beauty of true poetry and second in the author's portrayal of the finer senses of human nature.

The author, having only a High School education, has not, nor does he pretend to have the ability to compare with the standard poets of literature.

However inquiries and persistent urgings of friends have decided the author to publish this book of poems and he hopes they will in a measure meet with public approval.

P. E. MICK.

INTRODUCTION.

The author of this little volume of poems was born on November 3, 1886, in the city of Kenton, Hardin County, Ohio. There he has resided the greater part of his life with such environments as to be important factors in the creations of his "messengers of Love" or perhaps better termed "Heart Throbs." Although his first verse was not written till after a few months so-journ in Denver, Colorado and although the exhilarating atmosphere of the West seems to have been necessary to inspire him at first, yet the fact that the "Muse" has not yet deserted him but inspires him on to greater achievements is proof positive that present environments are largely responsible for his poetic creations.

Born of poor and humble parents, taught from early youth the worthiness of hard manual labor, he has never shunned manual

labor but has ever shown a readiness to serve in that capacity.

Because the author has not yet written poetry of more momentous character, or on subjects of the day it is not to be thought that he is incapable of such, for in all arts the truth is eminent that genius is due to the depths of feeling in the heart toward the particular art; and in poetry the ability to write is not due to inspiration, but to the innermost depths of feeling in the heart.

It will readily be seen then that these poems are but the feelings or the pulse beats of the heart and that time is the essential factor in the acheivement of poetry more diversified and momentous.

It is to be hoped that the public will accept these poems as "Heart Throbs" or "Messengers of Love" and that as such that they may convey infinite pleasure and delight, and that a perusal of their contents will cause all who read to acknowledge the superiority of the charms of Lucille.

C. E. S.

SECTION I.

Prose Works

SOLILOQUY.

We live, but why we live we know not; but this we know, that life is ours but for awhile, to live, to do, to smile, once in awhile. We know not whence life came or whither it goeth, but this we know, that we do live and while we live we will but live, content if but our lot be not cast down beneath earth's ruins to go; content if but our life by some sweet life be led, led by some soul with eyes that draw us on, on, onward, on, but ever on into the infinite depths of love. Love of the divinest kind, so sweet that but one taste is Heaven forever below, so sweet that all we know is that we love, that but to live is but to love and but to love to live. Such love is ours. Delirium divine! Most priceless joy! To part with thee is but to hell to go.

ARE EYES IMMORTAL?

Eyes are but the sentinels, the spirit of the inner soul. (Such is the belief of the author.) In them we read and see the inner life

of each person, and in them we read one's character.

To worship beautiful eyes is but human, natural and God-like. All aesthetic beings worship them. They can not help it; more especially is this so of man of the aesthetic nature. Those love-compelling sentinels, those alluring, charming eyes, those dreamy eyes virtually control his being. His every thought and action are centered on those eyes. It is not love merely, but the soul worship of the beautiful by those of the aesthetic nature, according to the laws of God and nature. He loves to gaze into those eyes, if he is of the aesthetic mind. To gaze into those eyes is bliss, to him, beyond compare. In them he sees all that's good and true and beautiful. In them lies that priceless beauty that can never die. For I believe they are immortal charms and can never die. Their light may fade and their beauty seemingly pass away, but their real beauty never, never dies. It is that light, that beauty that we see when we gaze into those beautiful eyes, the beauty that never dies. Fortunate is he or she who possesses that beauty, the beauty that never dies or fades away.

ESSAY ON LOVE.

Love is a profound sensation. It is a state of ecstatic bliss and joy that both man and woman shall at some time experience. To

love is to feel and know that the presence of one certain being is essential to our own happiness, prosperity and well being. To love is to feel that we would sacrifice our own life to win the love of the one being we love and adore. Therein lies the supreme test of love, the unselfishness of true love. True love is willing to sacrifice itself for the sake of love. If one is willing to die for love's sake and not regret it, then truly it is love. To love is to feel that without that certain being's companionship that life is in vain, holds nothing but dreary and desolate days, that earth's joys are nothing and that all is emptiness without that love.

Love makes us adore and worship the object of our love with a sincerity, zealousness and passionate earnestness that can not be excelled.

True love considers itself worthy of any sacrifice and is willing to sacrifice all, to lay all on the altar of love. Conventionality it sets aside as a pagan god. Nothing is too great to sacrifice, if it is true love, even love itself.

Love in itself is worthy of all sacrifice, but a man or woman should not forget what true love is. They should not misconstrue passion or lust for love. Love is greater than either of these. It is and should be willing to sacrifice itself for the happiness of the object of its love, but one should remember that true love can never demand or accept such sacrifices, without giving just returns for such sacrifice, even tho at

the very same moment in like circumstances it would make such sacrifice itself.

True love must be respected and is respected, else it degenerates. Love is a noble, lofty, high state of being, into which state, the true form of love, not all men enter. It is because that so many men cease to worship the object of their love that so few marriages are happy.

It is said that marriage sobers a man. If so, that is, if marriage makes a man to adore his wife less, then it is because he fails or refuses to become familiar with the likes and dislikes of his mate, and a gulf is gradually formed between them of misunderstanding and misconstrued motives. With a clear understanding of each other, in true love, there will be a desire on the part of both to please each other best, to make each thought and act the means to convey happiness to the other. Each lives to make the other happy. Each wishes always to please the other.

Love hallows affection and makes the heart more mellow. It gives a softer tone to the voice, a more tender caress unto the touch, a more pleasing grace unto our charms, and adds to the ambrosial nectar of love that most delicate and refined of symmetries, the sweet accord of soul to soul and heart to heart. Love finds man in a state of bliss and leaves him in the same blissful state, more profound and wonderful each day of its existence.

True love can not die, yet it may wither for awhile. It can not pass away, except

as life itself passes away and even then it surely must re-exist somewhere in some manner.

True love will sacrifice itself rather than accept or see the sacrifice of the object of its love. True love will not lower the scale of existence of another life for the sake of its own happiness. It can accept no such sacrifice. Love is too lofty a feeling to allow the object of its love to degenerate. Rather love elevates its object or affinity unto a loftier plane than itself and is itself lifted up thereby.

Love is but the worship of the soul, the yearning of the heart most high for love that gives and receives alike in bounteous measure. Love receives or gives as it is asked or given. Love makes us more willing to love and more worthy of love.

DREAMING

SECTION II.

Poems to Lucille

Our eyes have not met
Our lips not yet,
  But still I think of thee.
Our hands have not clasped
Nor have our hearts grasped
  The thoughts we have for thee and me.

FAIREST OF THE FAIREST.

Fairest of the fairest,
Sweetest of the sweet,
  Rarest of the rarest gems
That earth and Heaven greet.

Not a fading flower,
Not a bird that soars,
  Not a thing that creeps along,
Or anything that roars.

Just a blithesome lassie,
  Winsome as can be,
Smiling ever sweetest smiles
  For all of earth and thee.

Sweetest of the sweetest,
So bewitching sweet
Is the smile she gives to thee
If you by chance she meets.

Purest of the purest,
Innocent is she,
Like the lily, pure and white,
So in heart is she.

Eyes that have a sparkle,
Laugh and dance and glow,
Make me feel that Heaven is near
As I my journey go.

Eyes of luster light,
Roguish as a spy's,
Make you feel the joy that's real
When hearts are otherwise.

Eyes not treacherous,
Eyes not of deceit,
Eyes that seem to beam on thee
From Heaven's bower sweet.

Eyes so full of love,
Of beauty gleaned of love,
Shed their rays of light as bright
As the lights of Heaven above.

Eyes bewitchingly sweet,
So alluring sweet
That often do I wish that I
This charming lass might greet.

Eyes of sympathy,
Eyes so kind and true,
Seem to beam on me and thee
Lke Heaven's morning dew.

Eyes so full of joy,
  Eyes so full of mirth,
Make me think that I am near
  The Paradise of earth.

A heart worth more than gold,
  Or all that earth doth hold,
A heart that's good, holds all you would
  That any heart should hold.

As priceless as a pearl,
  Her heart so pure and sweet,
Is ever fond of kind friends true
  Whom with sweet smiles she'll greet.

A heart of sunshine full,
  A heart of kindness true
That giveth smiles to all around
  And sweetest smiles to you.

A heart that loveth truth
  And is obedient
To Mother Dear, even though she fear
  Her friend think it not expedient.

A heart of tenderness,
  As gentle as a dove,
A heart that wishes e'er to please
  In gentle acts of love.

A heart that loveth fun,
  A heart that will be true,
A heart that seems with kindness sweet
  Both earth and Heaven to woo.

A heart of sympathy,
  A heart that's kind and true,
A heart that doth appreciate
  All that you say or do.

As the ivy clings to the old oak tree
So do my thoughts e'er cling to thee,
And as thy smiles to me are pleasures
So my thoughts of thee are treasures.

As the golden sun shines on our land,
So do thy smiles e'er smile on me.
And as the ivy clings to the tree
So will my thoughts e'er cling to thee.

THERE IS A LITTLE GIRL IN W. VA.

There is a little girl in West Virginia
Whose name is so sweet, I could dance at her feet,
Whose eyes are so bright you can see them at night,
Whose face is so fair I would hardly dare
To kiss her, would I care.

Her smile is so bright, you would surely delight
To have her about you.
Her pretty curls are so cute, no one could dispute;
And her shapely hands are so pretty and soft
That you would like oft to caress them.

This pretty little maiden is sunshine in disguise,
Whom no one could despise, were they ever so wise;
She is the soul of purity, the essence of sympathy,
The flower of love divine, about whom my heart would entwine.

THE JOY OF EXPECTATION.

O, the joy of expectation
When you think there's a vacation
Not so very far away, but yet to come.
O, the joy of expectation
When you think that earth's creation
Will assist you in your frolic and your fun.

O, the joy of expectation
In this land of recreation
When you think there's something great
in store for you,
When you think your dearest hopes,
Of success, ambition's scope
Are about to be realities for you.

O, the joy of expectation
As you think in exultation
Of the bright eyed lass you are about to
meet
As you think in adoration
Of your heart's sweet consolation,
Dearest joys to you will ever, ever fleet.

The joy of expectation
Makes my heart so light and free,
That when I think of what may come
My heart is full of glee,
My heart is full of ecstasy
As I in visions dream
Of her who seems the dearest girl
On whom the sun doth beam.

ONLY A PICTURE.

Only a picture of a bright-eyed lass,
  Yet it never doth fail to inspire
My thoughts and my actions to their loftiest
    heights
  As I gaze on my heart's desire.

Only a picture of a maid so sweet
That her eyes I love to meet,
For they laugh and glow and sparkle so
That I'd like to be her beau.

Only a picture of a maid so sweet,
  With eyes that surely woo
The eyes of those with whom she meets
  That it brings them joys a few.

Only a picture of a maid so fair,
  With a smile bewitchingly sweet,
A smile so lovely enamorous and kind
  That my heart fain from me would fleet.

Only a picture of a lassie fair,
  Yet with exquisite delight,
Her smile and her eyes will you more than
    surprise
  In their sweetness undisguised.

Only a picture of a lassie fair
  Riding in a pony cart,
While at her feet sits Admiral Togo,
  Her shepherd dog, faithful and smart.

Only a picture of a girl, you say,
  But her heart is kind and true,
For she's sympathetic and energetic
  And appreciates all you do.

Only a picture so alluringly sweet
That often do I dream
Of her who seems the dearest girl
On whom the sun doth beam.

Only a picture that brings me dreams,
Dreams of the fairest hue,
For would not life be fair indeed
If my heart could win as I woo.

Only a picture that gives me a vision
Of a maid alluringly sweet,
With a heart so good and loving kind
That this maid I'd love to meet.

Only a picture that brings me a dream,
A dream of this beautiful maid,
For whom I'd sacrifice my all
To dwell with her in Cupid's shade.

FONDEST OF ALL RECOLLECTIONS.

Fondest of all recollections,
Sweetest of all my thoughts,
Dearest of all illusions
Are my thoughts of you as God woughts.

What would I give but to see thee,
What would I do if I did,
I would give thee caresses the fondest
And kiss you and say, "Oh, you kid!"

Naught but the fondest affection,
Naught but the kindest of love,
Naught but the gentlest caresses
Would I give to my Dear Angel Dove.

Oft would I gaze in your eyes,
Full of the fondest of love,
And tell you how much I love you
And how dear is my Angel Dove.

DREAMING.

These few lines are for Lucille,
Whom each day I long to see,
For I love you, O I love you,
And my heart it beats for thee.

Ah, to see thee were a pleasure
Such as I have never had,
And to know thee were a treasure
That would ever make me glad.

Often sit I fondly dreaming
Of the time when we shall meet,
Caring not if it be springtime,
Just so I your smile may greet.

Often in my fancies roaming
To the brightest spot on earth,
Thinking of the lass who lives there,
She's the paradise of earth.

And in fancy's vision floating
Oft your face so sweet and fair
Makes my heart thrill with a rapture
For this maid so sweet and rare.

Thoughts of you are but the semblance
Of your heart and kindness true
Breathed around about me ever
Drawing me nearer to you.

Often do I sit and ponder
As your words come nigh to me,
Breathing sympathy and fondness
For the lad who cares for thee.

Naught but smiles seem to surround me
As I sit and think of thee,
While your eyes of sparkling beauty
Beam their sweetest depths on me.

There's a joy of endless fullness
Comes to me when e'er I sit
In my fancies fondly dreaming
Of the lass who made a hit.

For I know there is no other
Lass that can compare with you,
And if all your friends forsake you
Unto you I will be true.

For your eyes like beacons guide me
O'er the rugged path of life,
Unto you I'll soon be fleeing,
Asking you to end the strife.

TWILIGHT'S FANCY VISIONS.

In twilight's fancy visions
I see a lassie fair
Who smiles on me so benignly
That I hold her most rare.

In twilight's fancy visions
This lassie I behold
The witchery of whose eyes it seems
Would win man's heart from gold.

In twilight's fancy visions
Oft do I see her face
That seems to me more beautiful
Than anything Heaven doth grace.

In twilight's fancy visions
I gaze and gaze and gaze
In reveries of her who seems
My eyes to e'er amaze.

In twilight's fancy vision
Her sweet face floats to me
In all her loveliness adorned
As sweet as sweet can be.

In twilight's fancy visions
A vision of my dreams,
The softness of whose face it seems
Would make her queen of queens.

In twilight's deepening gloom
She seems so pure and sweet
That all of earth and Heaven can't beat
The charming lass I greet.

In twilight's deepening gloom
Her loveliness bespeaks
The sweetness of the inner-soul
That she adorns so meek.

Her vision says to me "Be good,"
Her vision says "Be true,"
Her vision says "Be worthy of
The girl who is true blue."

Her vision says "'Tis not worth while
To think of evil thoughts,
But let your mind on good things dwell,
Be useful as God woughts."

THE FATE OF COMMON MAN.

Another year will soon have passed away,
Another day will soon its course have run,
Another pair of eyes I've gazed upon,
And still I've missed the joy I should have won.

Another ray of hope has dawned within
My heart, but to be dashed away as tho some sin
Had crept within my heart to eat therein
And feast itself upon the vitals of life's vim.

Although I hoped again and hope deferred,
Although it seems in vain to hope again,
Yet when I see those eyes I prize so well
I do forget that I am but a man.

For thus it seems that man of common form
Cannot and must not e'er his heart adorn
With those sweet charms and winsome ways that grace
The fairer sex, his own heart to purloin.

He cannot choose and win just whom he would,
He cannot woo the lass he fain would win,
But he must by the common law abide,
Seek him a wife of his own class akin.

He cannot hope to live a life of joy
With those immortal charms of glorious eyes,
For, unless he possess their equal to,
He cannot hope to win, and hope must die.

HOPE.

Sometimes mid scenes of former days,
  Sometimes mid scenes of today
We meet a lassie, Oh, so fair
  With eyes that guide our way.

Sometimes when hearts are sad and forlorn
  Weary and oppressed in despair,
There comes a little gleam of love
  From a heart yet kind but fair.

And often there comes to a heart oppressed
  By the cares that infest the day,
The hope that some day our dreams may
    come true
  For which we have striven each day.

Inspired by the love of some kind heart
  We struggle to attain
Life's greatest blessings and its joys
  That life may not be vain.

Inspired by the hope that we may share
  With some kind heart we love
All of earth's pleasures, blessings and joys
  We strive to win our love.

For this alone we do but live
  That we her love may share
With her to live and happy be,
  To make her happy for e'er.

VANISHED DREAMS.

Vanished long since the dreams of youth,
The golden days of yore,
When as I sat within my room
My wandering fancies soared.

Departed long, the hopes of youth,
The joys of former days
When I was young and life was bright
As I life's standard raised.

I dreamed of times so near at hand,
Of other days to come,
When I, success upon my brow,
Life's blessings should have won.

When I, in love's own sweetest ways,
Should win my lassie fair,
And thrice around her weave love's maze
With her alone to share.

But now, alas! those dreams of yore
No more my heart avail
My lassie fair with eyes so rare
Left me my love to wail.

No more, no more those dreams of yore
My saddened heart compose,
No more, no more my fancies soar
In love's own sweet repose.

But like unto the fading flower
Drooping and falling away,
I leave no joys or sorrows here
'Cept as these lines may sway.

Forgotten not the days of youth,
  Forgotten not her eyes,
Forgotten not their loveliness
  Or the love that in them lies.

Forgotten not my folly past,
  My hope within me dies,
Yet naught in Heaven could make me wish
  To gaze in other eyes.

THO WE HAVE NEVER MET.

Though we have never met as yet,
  I count it not in vain
To think of you, to dream of you
  As oft my heart would fain.

For that day of joy may sometime dawn
  When we come face to face,
And all my fears and all my joys
  Shall to your heart give place.

Then all my joys are as mere toys,
  They can't compare with you,
For they pass by and are forgotten
  While you're my heart's cuckoo.

Reflections of you bring me joy
  That so uplifts my mind
And makes me true and good to you
  And also make me kind.

They elevate my heart in tone
  And sweetest of all thoughts,
They make me worthy of the girl
  To whom all else is naught.

So therefore do you think 'tis vain
For me to think of you,
To dream of you in visions sweet
Since it doth make me true.

Nay, better far that it be so,
Even though we never meet,
For virtue must in some hearts dwell
And beauty some hearts greet.

Else how would all God's goodness thrive
And our great nation live
If some hearts were not lifted up
From out earth's sordid sieve.

FADE NOT AWAY, O VISION FAIR.

Fade not away, O vision fair;
Fade not before my eyes,
For in that vision sweet and fair
My heart forever lies.

I can not always look upon
The lass I fain would win;
But thou, I charge thee, be thou near,
And feast my heart within.

I pray thee be thou near to me,
Be ever fresh and clear;
And may my thoughts forever be
Of thee I cherish dear.

When years roll by and time hath wrought
What fate alone can do,
I pray thee, be thou near to me
And help me to be true.

MY WAKING THOUGHTS.

My waking thoughts of thee are dear
And precious unto me;
My heart allots to you the sphere
Most blest, most worthy thee.

I can not know, I can not tell
You all that sphere shall be,
But this I know that love doth know
All that that sphere shall be.

I only know that all things good,
The best that earth doth hold,
Are not half good enough for thee
Nor worth thy weight in gold.

Choose where you will, do what you may,
Love alone knows thy fate,
And in that love perfect and true
Happiness lies in wait.

So, then, Dear Heart, cheer up, fear not,
All happiness is thine,
And on thy heart so pure and true
True love will ever shine.

MY DREAM QUEEN.

(Song)

In a land not far away
Lives a lassie fair.
She has eyes blue as the skies,
A form so debonair;
She wears two long black pretty curls
And smiles at you alway.
It makes my heart to thrill whene'er
She smiles that same sweet way.

This lassie is the queen of all,
None with her can compare;
Her grace and art and winsome ways
Surpass her beauty rare.
And to these charms
She adds one more,
A heart so pure and true
That all of earth and heaven combined
Can't equal her to woo.

Chorus.

My dream queen, my queen queen,*
You are the queen of all;
If you only would care
Then I sure would dare,
I at your feet would fall.
In summer time, in winter time,
At all times I dream of you.
My life is so sweet
My joy is complete,
Whenever I dream of you.

'TWILL LONG BE REMEMBERED.

'Twill long be remembered, the day that
we met;
I ne'er shall regret it nor ever forget.
The day and the hour, the time and the place
To me bring reflections of your smiling face.

As long as I live and wherever I be
That same dear, sweet smile will forever
haunt me;

---

*Note—Queen queen is a poetic expression for the phrase queen of queens; original with the author.

No matter what happens or what be my fate
That same dear, sweet smile my heart will elate.

In visions of rapture my heart is enthralled
As I think of the lass, my heart's mate she's called,
And with fondest affections and tenderest regards
I'll think of the lass most adored by all bards.

THE PROPOSAL.

A lad, a lass and a rose so fair
Met in the arbor cave,
The lad was bold, his love he told,
The maid was quite suave.

The lad he bore his grief away,
The rose stood weeping by,
The maid was sorry for the lad
And would not let him cry.

She says: "I do not care for you,
My heart from love is free;
I love no one, I love not thee,
It can not ever be."

The rose has withered in despair,
The maid is happy free,
I would not it were otherwise
For the maid must happy be.

Yet the lad he dares to hope again
To win his lassie fair,
He cannot live and happy be
Unless her love he share.

MY ROSE, MY HEART'S REPOSE.

My rose, my rose, my heart's repose,
The dearest girl on earth
I can not think that I can win
For I am not thy worth.

I can not hope, 'tis vain to hope
To win my lassie fair,
Yet still I hope, with love I cope
To win my rose so fair.

I can not tell just why it is
I dare to hope to win,
Yet this I know I do love you,
I love thy heart within.

I do not wish to grieve my rose,
I wish her happy e'er,
But then I would more happy be
Her love so sweet to share.

My rose, my rose, I love my rose,
I love no one but thee,
I can not hope, I can only love
And loving, love but thee.

ONLY A ROSE.

A rose ,a rose, only a rose,
A rose of the fairest hue,
It breathes its perfume may or June
And blooms for me and you.

A rose, a rose, only a rose,
But it blooms both night and day,
Where'er I stray, where'er I may
A rose lies nigh my way.

I can not go to sleep at night,
I can ne'er lie in repose,
Except I see a rose nearby
To lull me in its throes.

A rose, a rose, only a rose,
Is all I wish to see,
For when I see a rose near-by
I think of only thee.

NO LASS SO FAIR.

So sweetly fair, serenely fair
This maid it seems to me,
That could she live forever here
All Heaven would jealous be.

She wears a smile so sweet, benign
And eyes so wondrous blue
That all of earth and Heaven combined
Can't equal her to woo.

There lives no lass so fair as she,
No eyes so wondrous blue,
No lass can smile so sweet as she
Nor act as kind and true.

NO HOPE.

My love, I have no hope of ever winning
thee,
Or that thou wilt my love return,
But still I love you and think it still worth
while
To linger longer in the love you spurn.

I have no fear that if thy soul return
To sympathize with me my heart to burn,
But that some day when it is best for us
Thou wilt my love return; for me to yearn.

I have no fear if fate's decree is no
To face the future with my heart aglow,
To live my life as best I may and go
Where fate decrees that I shall go or no.

Yet will I strive if fate decrees me no
To do my best and live unto the test,
That I may win not laurels for my brow
But tune my heart to perfect love attest.

JOY OF MY LIFE.

Joy of my life and my own heart's desire
Inspire my life or send to me a wire;
Tell me you love me as my heart requires,
Then I will love you as a worthy sire.

Thou art the greatest gem the earth contains
And the most precious treasure of my
heart,
Which, if I once possessed as all my own,
Naught in this world could ever make us
part.

For I would love you with my heart and soul
All of my life my love would you console;
All that I am or that I am to be
Would thru thy virtues ever more perfect be.

All my affections and my heart's great love
Rest in thy heart there to live or die,
And tho they die yet there will be some joy
In having loved thee in the days gone by.

I CARE NOT WHERE MY FEET MAY TREAD.

I care not where my feet may tread
Or what my fate may be,
Just so I may thy love enthrall
And live my life with thee.

I do not think it worth my while
Commercial marts to win,
I only wish to live in love,
Thy love to bask within.

My one desire, my all in life,
Within thy love to bask,
I will forego all other joys
And take myself to task.

I care not what my fate may be
If fate will give me thee,
For loving thee, it still shall be
Love to eternity.

And evermore my fate will be
The fate I find in thee,
Oh, who can wish for better fate
Than to know thou lovest me.

Then with thy love I'll be content
My life for thee to live,
I'll make thy heart my love to feel,
My life to thee I give.

VISION FAIR.

Fresh and clear and ever dear,
Vision, oh, so fair,
Thou art dearer every year,
Every day more fair.

Thou to me art sweeter far
Than all things else can be,
Thou, to me, art lovelier
Than a rose can be.

Thou, thyself, a rose so fair,
Still a rose may be,
Yet none with thee can compare
None thy heart may see.

None thy heart may gaze upon,
None thy love may know,
Yet within thy heart so fair
Love lies white as snow.

Far within the inner-depths
Love unconscious lies,
Love unfathomed, love unknown,
Love that never dies.

Love may sometime soon awake,
Love may soon arise,
Love may find itself unknown
Unto other eyes.

Love may feel not for itself,
  Love for others dies,
Yet love will give us noble hearts
  And bear us to the skies.

So let us labor on each day,
  Let us watch and pray,
That we may not love in vain,
  But may win our way.

I LONG TO WED THEE.

I am trying now to tell you
  All the joy thou gavest me
Those few minutes that I saw you,
  When my heart I gave to thee.

When in rapture I beheld thee
  And enthralled by beauty fair,
All my heart rejoiced to see thee
  As the fairest of the fair.

All my heart for thee is pining,
  All my love to thee has fled,
Since the day I first beheld thee
  And I'm longing thee to wed.

Yes, my love, I long to wed thee,
  Thou alone can'st make me true
And if you will but accept me,
  Unto you I'll be true blue.

I will love thee, ever love thee
  And if you will love but me,
Then, my love, we will be happy,
  Just as happy as can be.

COULD I BUT KNOW.

Could I but know that it were so
That you would care for me,
I'd live for thee or die for thee,
Such is my love for thee.

Could I but know that it were so
That you loved only me,
My darling fair, with eyes so rare,
I'd prove my love for thee.

Could I but know that it were so
That life held naught but dreams,
Then all my life my zeal were rife
To win my queen of queens.

Could I but know that it were so
That you would say me nay,
Then every day I'd seek a way
Till you the yes would say.

IMMORTAL EYES.

Ah, could I see those charming eyes,
Immortal lights so fair,
I would not have another wish
Than but their love to share.

Ah, could I but abide within
The shadow of those eyes,
That gleam so fair, so sparkling rare
All else could not compare.

I would not have another wish
Than but to gaze within

Those sparkling depths, those beauteous depths
That knoweth naught of sin.

Ah, just to gaze within those eyes,
The sweetness of the soul,
That gleam of love from Heaven above,
And make my being whole.

I'd be content to gaze within
Those sparkling depths of love,
I would not wish for other love
On earth or Heaven above.

I'd gaze and gaze and gaze and gaze
Into those charming eyes,
More full of bliss than the sweetest kiss,
More fairer than the skies.

I'd think that Heaven were near to me,
That earth were paradise,
As long as I might gaze within
Those fair immortal eyes.

Earth's joys were full, earth's pleasures mine,
Whene'er on me they'd shine,
My love for thee my only plea,
My heart will e'er be thine.

TO W.*

W—, O, thou W—,
Immortal thy name shall be,
For from thy home has come a child
As sweet as sweet can be.

*Note: W. is used for the name of the town where Lucille lives.

In rearing her in thy abode,
  Surrounded by the hills,
Thou didst thy best and God the rest
  Her heart perfection fills.

Within the walls of thy abode
  She learnt thy name to love,
Nature and art did truth impart
  And angels gave her love.

Sacred is now the shrine wherein
  This lass has lived each day,
And when all things have passed away
  Thy name shall not decay.

But all thy fame shall glorious be
  And wafted to the skies
Shall soar into eternity
  And evermore arise.

I NEVER THOUGHT MY LIFE SO INCOMPLETE.

I never thought my life so incomplete
  As since I first met you,
Nor can I yet quite understand
  How much I do love you.

I only know I love you all the time,
  I love your eyes that sweetly on me shine,
I love your smile that so allures my heart,
  And makes my heart rejoice in thy regime.

I love you for your graceful, winsome ways,
I love you for your thoughts and for your nays,
I love you for your heart's true worth and more,
I love you cause you're worth ten thousand nays.

I love you just because I think that you
Are quite by far the girl I most adore,
I love you 'cause your face, your voice, your eyes
My heart and soul so sweetly do implore.

I love you and I know I never will
Care for a girl as I now care for you,
And, oh, Lucille, how I do implore,
Consider me and that I care for you.

And, oh, Lucille, more I do implore,
Take all the time, years if need be before
You answer no, that I may hear you sweetly say to me,
I love you, Pearl, your heart I do adore.

For time is naught to me, since I love you,
For I reckon not with time and moments yet,
But patiently await, if chance there be, to hear,
I love you, Pearl, let's love and the past forget.

I NEVER KNEW THERE LIVED A LASS SO FAIR.

I never knew there lived a lass
So sweet, so kind, so fair,
I never knew there bloomed a flower
To which none could compare.

I never knew the earth contained
A lass so debonair,
I never knew a heart so kind
Or quite without compare.

I never knew a joy so full
As when I thee beheld,
I never knew such bliss divine,
All other thoughts expelled.

I never knew just what it was
To be in love 'tis true,
But now I know that to be in love
Is to be in love with you.

I only know that in loving you
My heart will nobler be
And that even tho I fail to win
I'll ever love but thee.

I may never know the fullest depths
Of joy o'erflowing me,
But I never want to know such joy
Except in loving thee.

I cannot tell what my fate may be,
But help me, Lord, I pray,
That I may e'er be true to her
Till death shall come my way.

COULD WE HAVE KISSED.

Oh, that I might have kissed those lips of thine,
Just to have tasted of that bliss divine;
Ah, then my soul would soar in ecstasy,
And never more, again, my heart repine.

Oh, that I might have sipped the bliss divine
That nestles in those sweet red lips of thine,
That once I might have tasted Heaven's joy
And then no more again my heart repine.

Could I have felt that in those lips of thine,
That in their luscious fruit the kiss divine
There dwelt for me all happiness and joy,
Then would my heart no more, again, repine.

Could we have kissed and could I but have known
That you loved me and loved but only me,
Then would that kiss more sacred be to me
Than all things else Heaven holds most dear in thee.

Could we have kissed and could we both have felt
That we both loved each other, then I think
That all of earth and heaven could not compare
To that one moment of eternal bliss.

TO MY VALENTINE.

To my valentine this day
I am sending all I may;
I am sending love and joy
To receive and to employ.

I am sending heart's delight,
I am sending blessings bright,
That you may more fully know
All the joy to you I owe.

I am sending freedom's song
To the lass I can not wrong;
May you ever happy be,
May you e'er from care be free.

But sweet freedom's song can be
No sweeter than this song of mine,
Which each day I send to thee,
May it evermore be thine.

"Oh, my love, my love, my plea,
All my life I give to thee;
All I am or am to be
Is for thee, my love, for thee.

Oh, my love, I live for thee,
All my life is yours to be;
You my heart may still refuse,
Then I will be a recluse.

I can love but only thee,
This I vow shall always be;
Should I love in vain, at then
I will love you in refrain.

Oh, my love, I pray of thee
That thou wilt be kind to me;
Take my heart and keep it thine
And for thee my love will shine.

Should fate be unkind to thee
Or an unkind act bestow,
I will heal thy wounds with love,
Sweetest love that earth can know.

I will make thy heart to feel
That tho all friends thee forget,
To have known my love for thee
Is to leave thee no regret.

I will make thy heart to feel
All my love in thee arise
And the balmy breath of love
Oft will bear us to the skies.

I will make thy heart my own,
Keep it tenderly and true,
All thy wounds shall healed be
In the love that yearns for you.

And in love we'll ever be,
As the vine clings to the tree,
And no bliss that can compare
To the bliss that we may share.

For in love there is much joy,
And no tongue that can employ
All the skill that needs must be
Just to tell our love and joy.

ALL IS EMPTINESS

All is emptiness before me
All around is vanity,
Everywhere I go there's nothing
But a cold humanity.

What the hurry is I know not,
Why this vain desire of earth,
For it seems men to enfatuate
And makes women seek but mirth.

On men struggle unrelenting,
Seeking ever to ensnare
Riches and their glittering splendor,
Elegance and leisure fair.

Lives are spent in such endeavor
Nobly won and nobly lost,
For results of such endeavor
Are but heathen modes embossed.

Why this empty blazing glitter,
Which we see most every day;
That which we do most admire
Is a heart in sunshine's sway.

Queens there be most beautiful,
Gowned unto perfection's art,
Thus adorned we love to see them,
But we wish they had more heart.

A heart like to that of a fairy,
Kind and gracious unto all,
Wishing ever but to please thee
While life lasts and shadows fall.

All is emptiness before me,
'Cept when thou art nigh to me,
Either in my dreams or slumbers
Or when I'm really with thee.

But for thee the cold, cold glitter
Would ensnare my heart and brain,
Yet for you I will endeavor
Greatest heights to e'er attain.

Not to heights of splendor grand,
Not to pompous scenes of earth,
But to realms of sweetest music
Made for thee and for thy worth.

Realms of music, realms of kindness,
Full of joy and happiness;
For they live there who endeavor
But to please each other best.

It is not worth while to struggle,
Just mere riches to obtain,
But for you my best endeavor
Is life's glories to attain.

ROSES OF RED.

Roses of red and roses of white,
Roses of pink and forget-me-nots bright,
All of them lovely, fragrant and fair,
But roses of red are my heart's delight.

Lillies and butter-cups and violets blue,
Sweetest of flowers that man ever knew,
Yet roses of red are most dear unto me,
O, roses of red breathing love all for thee.

Roses of red, oh, roses of red,
Go tell my lassie I long her to wed,
Tell her I love her and that I'll be true
And as long as I live I'll ever love you.

Then when in spring time when roses are red
And we still are happy as lovers are wed,
Just think of my promise that I shall be true
And never a moment our life shall you rue.

But with ecstasy sweetest and eyes beaming bright
You'll kiss me and say, "Dear, I love you tonight,
I love you, I love you, my heart and my soul
Enthralled and enchanted by love is made whole."

In blessed surrender complete and divine
Abandoned in love thy heart will be mine
Till you in love's rapture shall cry out in joy
I love you, I love you, oh, love me, my boy.

And love everlasting shall crown our delight
And kisses entrancing shall be our respite
Till love's dreamy fancies and love's golden dreams,
Shall seem what they are and be what they seem.

FORGOTTEN.

Oh, woe is me and sorrow mine,
My fate is to repine,
For thus it seems the queen of queens
Has ceased for me to shine.

The lass I love, all things above
  Has ceased to care for me,
Forgotten is my love by her,
  Indifferent and free.

Forgotten by the lass I love,
  Forgotten is my heart,
Forgotten to repine and learn
  The pain love doth impart.

Forgotten ne'er to know again
  The joy so full, sublime
That in itself is the reward
  Of love's immortal chime.

Oh, worlds that vie, oh hearts that sigh,
  Oh, hearken to my plea,
Is fate so cruel, is life a duel
  To be or not to be?

Is unrequited love to be
  The lot of mortal man?
Is he to woo and to pursue
  His love and see it wane?

Oh love that is forgotten by
  The lass who does not care,
I shall forever more repine
  'Cept thou my love repair.

Go to the lass and tell her now
  How oft' my heart repines
And that my heart will e'er repine
  If she my love declines.

Oh, woe is me and sorrow mine
  To live is to repine,
For life is love and love is life
  And to love is to repine.

If fate's decree is love for me
And to love is to repine,
Then let that love immortal be
And love will be divine.

And if no love divine I gain,
And if no love be mine,
Then I will be content on earth
To love and to repine.

REMEMBERED.

Remembered by the lass I love,
Remembered by my queen,
Remembered now once more to know
The joys of love's sweet dream.

Remembered and forgotten not,
Remembered by my love,
Remembered, oh, sweet ecstasy,
Remembered by my Dove.

Remembered and 'tis joy to know
That tho I am forgot,
I may yet be remembered
By the lass I've loved and sought.

That tho I am forgotten
And unhappy for a time,
Some day I hope to win her
And revel in love sublime.

And tho I am forgotten
I shall still as often find
That I am still remembered
By the lass for whom I've pined.

Remembered, yea, remembered,
  Oft' remembered by my queen,
For to love is to remember,
  To remember the unseen.

Then remember, oh, remember
  To remember only me,
And if you will me remember
  I'll remember only thee.

Till at last we both remember
  That we each remembered are
By each other and as often
  Cherish dreams tho distant far.

SECTION III.

Other Poems

THE SPIRIT THAT INSPIRES.

Sometimes when hearts are lonely
  Sometimes when hearts are sad,
Then other hearts are happy
  And oft-times we are glad.

Not because some hearts are lonely
  Sad and forlorn, we're glad,
But just because we can't be
  Anything else but glad.

Something that's irresistive
  Seems to creep over our hearts;
Banishing all cares and sorrows
  Unto earth's dusty marts.

We cannot understand it,
  We do not know 'tis here
Until its spirit leaves us
  Kindred hearts in good cheer.

Conscious not of its presence,
  Buoyed up with hope and good cheer;
Life unto us seems more pleasant
  Driven away is our fear.

We can but only remember
All of our happiness past;
Forgetful of its dark moments
Which oft enshrouded life's mast.

All is but sunshine around us
Filled is our life full of light
We but see life in its beauty,
Earnestly we love its might.

We do not care for riches,
Oh, how we loathe their spell;
They but destroy life intrinsic
Fastidious is their fell.

Palaces we do not care for,
Eminent positions despise;
We do not care for such splendor
But for a heart's paradise.

Sometimes it seems we're so lonely
Sometimes we're sad and depressed,
Sometimes our hearts are so burdened
Sorrow rides high on our crest.

Strangely familiar with sorrow
Sad and cast down in mien.
Some hearts it seems are given
Oftenest unto extreme.

Tho we are often in sorrow
Saddest of all men born;
Yet there's an angel of goodness
Oft-times our spirits adorn.

Seems but to lift us from sadness
Unto a joy profound
Swaying our hearts in oblivion
Of everything sordid around.

Inspiring our hearts to gladness
Lifted to thoughts of joy
Our minds attune to music
So full in deep pathoy.*

Our minds revel in gladness
Our hearts, in sooth, are pleased,
And meters hum within us
Like the humming of the bees.

Their melodies impel us
To thoughts divinely fair
To words of boundless beauty
Scented of perfume rare.

A message sweet they leave us
A vision, oh, so fair,
Of life's worthy ambitions
Which we should win and share.

We love, we love their message
But sweeter far than all,
We appreciate more fully
The beauties on our wall.

We think all earth is fairer,
The grass a prettier green,
And nature doth herself adorn
With wealth from beauty gleaned.

We feel a love more fuller
For beauty, man and art,
Its beauty sweet within us
A sweeter smile imparts

Oh, how we love our visions,
Our minds in them revel,
Creations of our fancies
No voice can e'er dispel.

*Note: "pathoy" used for word "pathos."

Some men it seems are gifted
With thoughts that so inspire
Their minds to sweetest music,
Our own true heart's desire.

But other men are lifted
From thoughts of sombre gloom
As tho some fairy's wand
Had given them a boon.

They of themselves could never
Such heights alone attain,
And but for some kind fairy
Their life would be in vain.

Charmed by some act or vision,
Charmed by a soft, sweet voice,
Their life becomes more pleasant
They realize their choice.

Their task is but to welcome
Each day as it doth come
Pursue life's arduous duties
Content when they are done.

Pursue them with a vigor
With all their wealth of love
For all that's true and beautiful
On earth or Heaven above.

Their's is a world more lovely
Fairest of earth's domain,
Dwelt in only by beings
Who have found its exalted plane.

They could do naught but gather
From out earth's sordid ores,
Gems most prized, on earth despised,
But blessed on other shores.

So then our hearts are mellowed,
By sorrows strange yet dear,
And memories of the past to us
Are blessings and good cheer.

MY NEIGHBOR'S BULL DOG.

My neighbor has a bull dog
Quite young, but my, O my!
He jumps around both up and down
And nabs at every fly.

It sure is quite amazing
To see this dog perform,
To see him romp and play each day
And wag his tail forlorn.

Just hit him with a pillow,
How quick he will turn 'round
And nab it with a vicious grip
As though it were a hound.

Just try to take it from him
And see him rip and rare
And jump around both up and down,
Oft' all feet in the air.

Just throw another pillow
And see him grab it too
Or kindly kick him with your foot
And he will grab your shoe.

If that perchance is not enough
To satisfy your whim,
A dozen pillows at him aimed
Perforce will add some vim.

Ah! see him now, he's almost mad
To know what all this means
And if you don't explain quite soon
He'll nab you on your jeans.

He's looking 'round both up and down
To find the cause just now,
And soon he will make some one ill
Or feel his bow-wow-wow.

But no, he hears his master's voice
And hearing doth obey,
For he loves that old familiar sound
Which he hears most every day.

Not the sound of the hickory switch
Or strap to be laid on his back,
But the good old kind sonorous tones
Of the man who loves to chat.

The deep sonorous tones he hears
Of melody quite full,
Perchance do awe inspire in him
And make him quite obdure.

For he's very quick to skit away
And he wags his tail so free
That it seems he loves his master so
For he wags it so in glee.

WHEN THE COMET LOST ITS TAIL.

Of all the wonders ever seen upon this glorious earth
There never yet appeared a sight that so provoked to mirth,
For it was such a marvelous sight to all the people 'round,
That they forgot themselves in mirth, and made the earth resound.

The sight that so provoked to mirth and made the earth resound
Was only Halley's comet, sailing 'tween the planets 'round,
But Halley's comet is a sight as everybody knows
That ne'er will twice our eyes amaze as on its flight it goes.

So the people all were watching for the comet so renowned,
And when at last it came in sight, they saw that it was round,
They also saw it had a tail that stretched thru space profound,
Shedding forth its rays of light as the comet onward bounds.

But that which so amazed us as we watched this comet bound
Was its very funny actions as it sailed the heavens 'round,
For all at once it lost its tail, we know not where it went,
But it lost its tail, we know, as its onward course was spent.

It lost its tail so suddenly, but stranger still
to me,
The comet got another tail as bright as
bright could be,
So when you tell the tale of how the comet
lost its tail
Be sure to say the comet has a brand new
tail.

SONNET TO NELLIE.*

O Nellie, how I wish that I
Your presence oft might share
For your grace and art and winsome ways
Have my heart in a snare.

I can't forget you if I would,
Nor can my eyes refrain
From gazing on your fair sweet face
In ecstacies in vain.

When-e'er by chance I see your face
At home or on the street,
I just can't make my eyes behave,
For you I love to greet.

I often sit out on my porch
And look across at you,
And in my fancies oft revel
O, how I do love you.

I love to feast my eyes upon
Your graceful airy ways,
Which seem to weave a spell round me,
My heart to e'er amaze

*Note: Written to Nellie Eames.

If only for a moment I
Could in your presence be,
That moment were so full of joy
My heart would be in glee.

You are to me the vista,
The vision of my dreams,
Your loveliness to me it seems
Would make you queen of queens.

I would that I were able
To tell you what I think,
To tell you how I love you,
How oft of you I think.

I'd paint before you pictures,
Dreams of the fairest hue,
And make them but realities
For you whose heart's so true.

THE COLORADO MOUNTAINS.

I sit on my porch in twilight,
Or maybe the heat of the day,
And look out upon the mountains
Sublime in their beauty and lay.

The grand mountains of Colorado
Far in the distance I see,
Towering aloft in their greatness,
As beautiful as can be.

Sublime in their beauty and greatness,
Their gulches and canyons do yawn,
More like to the devils' own carvings
Than to nature's own handiwork drawn.

So marvelous the works of nature,
Such wonderful freaks she performs,
That it seems as if nature's a fakir,
And a charm that adorns.

Their peaks and their crags far above us,
Adorned with winter's white robe,
Stand out in their beauty and splendor
As queens of earth's aerial abode.

Magnificent wonders of nature
Their gullies and ravines proclaim
That earth is a treasure of beauty
As well as a treasure for gain.

So let not earth's treasures provoke you,
If you can't assay them for gain,
But think of their beauty and splendor
Whose richness each one can obtain.

THE AUTO.*

The auto which ran over Otto
Aught to Otto have gone 'round,
And Otto aught to have seen the auto
Before the auto on Otto did bound.

But Otto did not see the auto
Before the auto on Otto did bound,
So Otto could not stop the auto
Before the auto on Otto did bound.

*Note: There are other verses to this poem, but they were not suitable for publication.

IF LIFE WERE ONLY A DREAM.

If life were only a dream, dear,
And you were my sweet queen, dear,
With plenty of money, we'd have lots of fun
Riding and playing in the sun
And you couldn't say a thing to me
That wouldn't make me smile on thee.

If life were only a dream, dear,
And you were my sweet queen, dear,
Then sweet were the hours that I spent with thee
Underneath the old oak tree,
And my joy were complete, were a smile from thee
To break the silence, 'tween thee and me.

If life were only a dream, dear,
And you were my sweet queen, dear,
I should wish that my dream would make you queen,
The queen of my life and heart unseen
I should wish that you were not a dream
But only my sweetheart queen
And were it so I'm sure you'd know
That life for me were all for thee.

IN THE GOLDEN SUNLIGHT.

In the golden sunlight
All of nature basks,
And it seems that all earth beams
On you at your task.

In the golden sunlight
All earth's flowers bloom
And their perfumed fragrance tunes
All our hearts from gloom.

In the golden sunlight
Birds their carols sing,
And their notes are warbled forth
On enchanted wings.

In the golden sunlight
Earth's creation towers,
And to all of us who watch
Beauty so endowers.

In the golden sunlight
All earth's radiance sheds
Forth the beauty and the glory
Of its queen co-eds.

In the golden sunlight
Earth her message sends,
And in accents sweet and low
Thus her message wends.

Life is not a vision dream,
Life is not a play,
Life is a reality,
Life is not decay.

Life is all it seems to be,
Or you will to be,
Life is what it seems to thee
If in it you be.

Life for you holds everything
If you struggle hard,
Life for you has but a sting
If you but retard.

Life is not for you to spend
As you will or may,
Life is yours to make amend
For some other day.

Life is not your own to lend
In gay frivolities,
Life is but a means to send
To all integrities.

Life is ever worth your while
If you do your best,
Life for you wreathed in a smile
Has for you a crest.

Life has glory for you all
If your hearts prove true,
For though often do you fall
Glories sure ensue.

Let us struggle not in vain,
Let us struggle well,
Let us struggle with disdain
For discord and hell.

SMILES.

We only live but for awhile,
And while we live we will but smile,
Content to live that little while
And smile and smile and smile.

You may not walk ten thousaud mile
Yet you may find it worth your while
To always, always give a smile
Till there are miles and miles and miles of smiles.

We only live but for awhile,
The least we can do is to smile,
So then if you will only smile
We all will smile and smile and smile and smile.

DAYS OF YOUTH.

The days of youth are swiftly passing by us,
Our childhood joys are now alas no more,
The sweetest hours of youth are left behind us,
And time flows on forever, ever more.

The golden sun doth still yet shine upon us,
The silvery moon still sheds its radiant light,
The morning and the night are ever with us
And life seems sweet tho oft its shadows blight.

The sun of youth hath set in radiant splendor,
Even as the golden sun sets in the west,
And as the morning dawns some clear fair day in springtime,
So dawns life's future crowned in brightest crest.

TO VERA.

Since first I met you
I can't forget you;
I think of only you.
Could I forget you
Or e'er regret you
My heart would ne'er be true.

The night I met you,
Could I forget you,
Would not remembered be,
All joy would fret me,
Evil beset me,
Till I remembered thee.

Your eyes have met mine,
I would they might shine
Ever, always for me;
I could not repine,
If in them I'd find
That you could think of me.

Your eyes I do love,
Your eyes I will love,
Your eyes of glorious hue,
So beaming and mirthful,
So sparkling, undearthful,
Oh, yes I dream of you.

THE SMILE THAT WON.

The smile that won was a winning smile
And no smile like to that one,
For the smile that won from the heart had come
And its worth full many a sum.

The smile that won was a cheery smile,
And its radiant cheer was shed
Over all the earth giving joy and mirth
To all its queen co-eds.

The smile that won was not spent in vain,
For in every heart it met
It drove away all fears and doubts,
And some hearts ceased to fret.

Its radiant cheer was shed abroad
In every heart each day,
Its mellowed sweetness cast abroad
All troubled hearts allayed.

Now the smile that won is a winning smile
If your own heart you won't cheat,
For if gladly given and freely given
It's the smile that can't be beat.

VANITIES.

I know not why that I should live or die,
For I am tired of this dull life we live,
This life of vain endeavors freely spent
Seems but to me too sordid e'er to live.

Why should man live contented if but he
Can win some honor and his name adorn,
For are not all earth's glories and renowns
But the vain semblance which make hearts forlorn.

For are not these vain glories and renowns
But empty titles and distant glittering stars
Which do seem to give us happiness,
But in fact our happiness they mar.

Are they not but vanities so vain
As to make our lives more wretched e'er we gain
That which we on earth most prize today,
Riches with their glittering splendor vain.

Is not man a fool to sacrifice
On this pagan altar in disguise
All that's true and good, our heart's true life,
Which we should forever, ever prize.

Is not he unworthy of his name
If he give his life to seek but gain
For himself and his own pleasures full,
When he knows the cause unworthy, vain.

Is he not but sacrificing life
For that oft despised King of hearts
That he may his selfish desires fill
But to revel in all earth's pleasures till death parts.

Ah, fair sir, thy heart doth know, 'tis true,
That to live as some men live today
Is to miss the better part of life
And ne'er feel the power of love to sway.

For without such love as makes us live
All our life the noblest that we may,
We but miss earth's tranquilest of joys
Living for each other every day.

Living the sweet life of tranquil joy,
Which alone can make us happy, free,
That of living for some one we cherish dear,
But to make her happy as can be.

And to gladden other hearts we see
By a cheery greeting and to be
But the giver of a gift most graciously
Given unto others, is love so free.

"MY DOG SNYDER."*

There's a dog lives in our town,
Snyder is his name,
Coach dog is his non-de-plume,
Envied is his fame.

A Dalmation dog is he,
Thirty months his age,
Loves to roam around the town
And thinks he is a sage.

A hide of white and spots of black,
So many spots has he
That no man e'er could count them all
Tho tried repeatedly.

Let another dog come 'round
And a fight engage,
He will fight him to the end
In a most ferocious rage.

See him fierce the battle wage,
See him down his foe
And with paws and open jaws
Bring his foe to woe.

*Note: This poem is entirely orignal.

Formerly was owned by Gene,
Ex-county treasurer,
Who, as you know, was beau-brummel
Of Kenton, yea, 'tis so.

But Gene was free, no cares had he,
No children reared or trained,
And so the dog was left agog
And never could be tamed.

But rambled 'round all o'er the town
And did just as he pleased,
And spent his youth so long uncouth
Half hidden by the flees.

But now since "Bodie" has gone away
To sojourn in the West,
His old friend Harry trains the dog
And values him the best.

And not content with good results
He trains him every day,
To see if he can overcome
Youth's follies and dismay.

Yet still old habits will crop out,
No matter what the test,
But Harry says, despite all these
He values him the best.

TO LOVE.

To love is but to feel the bliss
Of that soul immortal kiss,
Heart to heart and eye on eye,
Even tho we ne'er may kiss.

We can feel our love and yet
On no one our love bestow,
We can love and yet we know
Life can not always be so.

On the eye our eye may gaze,
We may feel of love divine,
Yet to love is but to know
That to love is to repine.

Love may come and love may go,
Yet love will ever think 'tis so
That joys of heaven we would forego
But to taste love's joy and woe.

THE BLISS DIVINE.

I have felt the bliss divine,
  That compound of endless delight,
Varied as the flowers of summer,
  Ever new and oft contrite.

I have tasted of that mixture,
  Most delicious nectarite,
Whence to sip is but to taste of
  Sweetest pleasure infinite.

I have tasted of that bliss,
  Sweet to taste as is the kiss
To the souls that heart to heart
  Kiss each other and can't resist.

I have felt that bliss divine
  Ever changing to repine,
Ever blossoming forth again
  Just to feel that joy divine.

Love is love tho incomplete,
Tho to love it may not fleet,
Yet love in itself is discreet,
Worthy and it is so sweet.

SONNET TO A GRAND RAPIDS GIRL.

Oh, such a lass I ne'er have seen
In all my travels 'round,
And, Oh, my heart's in ecstasy
As visions 'round me bound.

Visions of a lass so divinely fair,
With eyes superbly sweet,
So exquisitely are they crowned
With beauty's dower to greet.

Such wealth of beauty they possess,
Those eyes it seems to me
Would bring the best of earth to thee
Their pleasant smile to see.

To bask within their light and love
If only for awhile,
Would make me think that Heaven were near
Whene'er on me they'd smile.

Such lovely eyes, Oh, blissful joy
To gaze into their light
And see within their sparkling depths
The love for which I'd fight.

I mean not rude to be to you,
Or that I want a fuss,
But then I hope you understand
I'd fight for you if I must.

SONNET, TO A GRAND RAPIDS GIRL.

A little lassie, Oh, so sweet,
I've met again tonight,
She 's such a beauty; Oh, you kid,
You're simply out of sight.

I know not why I like you so,
But verily I do,
I think you're nice as you can be,
And, Oh, so pretty, too.

You're just the girl that I admire,
With a face so winsome sweet,
That I would love to be with thee
Just to hear the moments fleet.

I want naught else but to be near
A girl like you, I say;
With a heart so good and loving kind
That my heart would for you sway.

If I for you could brighten
A wee bit of your life,
I'd count it worth ten thousand joys
And ne'er regret the strife.

'Twere not in vain my time were spent
For but a smile from thee
Would drive away my fears and doubts
And my heart be in glee.

TO A GRAND RAPIDS GIRL.

I met her at the rink one night
Only a week ago,
She is so sweet, I can't help think
I'd like to be her beau.

She's such a dear sweet lassie,
With arms so plump and round,
So sweet and fair and debonair
My heart seems all spell-bound.

Oh, great the joy in knowing thee
As we skated 'round and 'round,
Such pleasure I have never known
This whole wide world around.

I'd skate with you forever,
Yes, every hour each day,
If you would only let me
I'd make your heart so gay.

What joy were ours, dear lassie,
This old world could not say,
And when we kissed each other
No one could say us nay.

'TIS A FAIR OCTOBER EVENING.

'Tis a fair October evening
And the glowing sun hath set,
The leaves are nigh all fallen
And the grass with dew is wet.

The night is fast advancing
And the shadows come and go
As the 'lights that gleam around us
Flicker often, flicker slow.

This evening we've assembled
'Round about the festive board,
Each with their own desires
All hearts in sweet accord.

We have all partook in measure
Of the bounties of this feast,
Both their excellence and savor
One desire is filled at least.

We have all partook the bounties
Of the feast and of the wine,
Wine of service, wine of gladness
That bringeth us to no repine.

For to fill our hearts with gladness
And to give a cheery smile
Is to taste of wine delicious
All our senses to beguile.

So then we can be so thankful
For the time we thus shall spend,
Thankful for a cheery greeting
Ne'er forgotten to the end.

The lights still seem to flicker
And the shadows come and go,
And the night is fast advancing
Bringing joy and bringing woe.

For to some hearts night is darkening,
Lengthening shadows come and go,
There can be no retrospection
Life is sorrow and all woe.

But the night is not all darkness,
Gloom alone can not prevail,
Brightly shine the lights around us
And no shadows can avail.

For the stillness of the evening
And the shadows lengthening long
Seem to leave with us a message
For the contrite and the strong

Life is not without its shadows
And no sorrow, howe'er deep
But will have the after sweetness
Peace and joy so full, complete.

For the shadows are but symbols
Of the joy so full, sublime
That alone will follow sorrow
When the heart is mellowed fine.

When you feel deepest emotions,
When you feel of joy sublime,
Just remember others' sorrow,
Give a cheery smile in time.

KENTON, MY KENTON.

Pride of my heart and my own eyes' delight,
Thou hast a name that in itself is might,
For it inspires us and its name resounds
Where'er 'tis heard to glorious renown.

There is no name that can to thine compare
Past time or present, none thy fame may share,
For thy fair name is magic unto all,
Woos all the earth and every heart enthralls.

Kenton, my Kenton, thou hast a name thy own,
No other name can come within its zone,
And every heart that enters in thy gates
Cheered by thy welcome beckons all the fates.

Thou art the greatest town upon this earth,
No other town is equal to thy worth,
And none shall ever to thy fame arise
Wherein all greatness and all goodness lies.

No other town on earth is quite so dear,
None can surpass thee none shall be thy peer,
And when the Gods immortal judge thy worth
They will pronounce it glorious, best on earth.

Could any mortal e'er thy worth assay,
Palaces and gardens would only part convey
All thy allurements and their attractions grand
Would thru thy worth nobler more still expand.

And in expanding, beauty in all its power
Would to thy charms give yet another flower,
Till all the earth and all the worlds that be
Should sing thy praises to eternity.

Think ye not, then, that Kenton, noble, fair,
Has fame enough for all on earth to share.
And that to live within her portals grand
Bids all of us to nobly by her stand.

Then let us welcome all on earth to come,
Throw ye wide the portals unto every one,
Let your heart its radiance shed abroad each day,
Doubt and all its kindred dispel with dismay.

Welcome, then, Oh, welcome unto all the earth,
Fear and doubt and trouble dispel ye with mirth.
Come and let us help you, come and let us cheer,
Welcome, then, Oh, welcome unto Kenton, dear.

Welcome, welcome, welcome is the song we sing,
Kenton, Kenton, Kenton re-echoes to the ring;
Know ye now the slogan, "strike the Kenton trail,"
And when ye have struck it sing it without fail.

And when all things mortal shall have passed away,
Leaving naught of sorrow, nor of man today,
There shall still re-echo unto heights sublime
Thy glorious fame intrinsic in eternity's regime.

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